

Poetry Series

Mutonye wa Mutuku

- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Mutonye wa Mutuku(19/9/1995)

A poet by birth and inclination/A cognoscente of Language & Literature/ An aficionado of Philosophy & Geopolitical History/ Silly & crazy man who takes comfort of a paper & pen, to write poems, for sociocultural, political and economic change.

A Letter To Mother Kenya

Hello Kenya my mother,
Much greetings from my sister and brother,
We respect, salute and adore you,
It is from your belly we wake up to see the sky blue.

Blessed we are with abundant natural resources,
Wildlife, minerals, forests and water masses,
And several beautiful sceneries,
All hosted under your belly mother Kenya.

You've given birth to great heroes and heroins,
Patriotic daughters and sons,
Athletes, doctors, teachers, politicians and other loyalties,
Who've led Kenya in times of abundance and difficulties.

'Tis my concern that mother Kenya you are bleeding,
From dawn to sunset you are weeping,
Tension is rising,
Suffering, torture and deaths are alarming.

Kenya is falling a part - from a pessimist,
Kenya will remain united - from an optimist,
Mother Kenya give us energy and confidence,
To prevent Kenya falling - we've to stage a defence.

Make us prove the pessimists and foes wrong,
That mother Kenya we are still strong,
To defend you, heroes and heroins,
Who've built and prevented the country for long.

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Peace Or A Piece

Hours trickle, days passes,
The 8/8 gets near and tension rises,
I will vote for my tribesman, my crony... everyone rushes,
To put the state at peace or set it a piece.

Will I vote for education and agriculture?
Vote for health and infrastructure?
Or for my ethnic leader?
Or my 'friend', the village seer or sooth Sayer?

Will I vote for these tribal alignments?
Working ineptly, incompetently and dishonestly,
Thr' cronyism causing fund 'mismanagements'?
But to vote I must.

They promise to make water out of Kenyan ice,
To implement the TJRC report for everyone to see,
Are the promises valid or it's their normal lies?
The promises, can anyone foresee?

My countrymen let's exercise our freedom to vote our voice,
Your vote is like a blank cheque,
On it write your choice,
A jeep -development- or a tuk-tuk -underdevelopment.

My vote, your vote will determine the nature of our state,
It can change your village into an estate,
Then the aftermath, we must maintain peace,
And avoid setting Kenya a piece.

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The Face Of The Moon

The Queen's uterus was torn,
Then came a princess, you were born,
Destined to your bourn,
You opened your eyes, sharp like a thorn.

Smiling, winning, you grew,
Grew with the humbleness of an ewe,
With your ever shining eyes like the morning dew,
Everyday, you looked a new.

Your father calls you nitty,
Your mother calls you pretty,
Your admirers calls you beauty,
But I call you the holy city.

You have become the men's envy,
Women look at you with jealousy,
As you walk gently,
With a charming smile, which is friendly and deadly.

You are the face of the moon,
Forever I will feed from your love spoon,
In the morning and in the afternoon,
Because each day with you is my honeymoon.

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The Hatch

Monday morning, and the alarm rings,
I stretch myself, I feel my body,
To school another day,
But...

I draw the curtain,
Then I remember,

School life is over,
I'm now in the world,
Like a newly hatched chick,
To realize the wonders of the world.

Life is a tragedy,
Others say its a comedy,
But I say,
Tragedy is comedy misinterpreted.

Should I be the villain?
To push my life's tragic plain?
Or I be the protagonist?
To go against
Life villains?

To avoid I should,
Life vices like greed,
Which are in deed,
Insatiable like taking salty water drink.

To venture I must,
In life opportunities,
Avoiding persons who are liabilities,
In ones success.

So...

Today I choose to be a protagonist,
to be an opportunist,
to be a villain not,

to be a liability not.

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The Sunset (An Elegy)

Almost sunset,
Seated on my balcony,
To the west the sun is destined to set,
As the weaverbirds chip in their colony.

Your memories flood my mind,
All the challenges, opportunities together we underwent,
Your laughter and cries echo in my mind,
'Tis hard, this reality to admit.

Is it true that you are gone?
Gone and left me alone?
Alone in the midst of this ugly darkness?
Darkness that initiates fear and loneliness!

If it's true that you are gone,
Don't be silent, please give me a signal,
Write a goodbye on the sky zone,
For I still remember your handwriting, that will be a good symbol.

It's painful to call you 'the late',
It's affecting me, even losing my weight,
To admit I've that this is your sunset,
All are our memories, to me that are left!

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The Voice Of Reason

Listen to the voice of reason
Shouting from the plains of vision
To many it seeks to address
The political mess to redress

You've to clean the political mess to perfection
Since in it their is no abracadabra
Into the field of peaceful action - you get - and avoid argumentation
And cease setting Kenya apart - the common mantra

Peace is the son of ce and y
Not the respect accorded to the son of his majesty
War is the intercourse
Between prostitute Injustice and prostitute unfairness of course

Humility and patriotism leads good leaders
Pride and dictatorship controls capable misleaders
Nazareth Carpenter's son made a good king
For humility led Him, not words to despise and sting

Peace existence, has to start with institutional sanitation
Then mediation
Arbitration
And discussion between leaders to find solution

Aketh to the voice of reason
Shouting during this doubtful season
For it is talking with a reason
To help you avoid chaos, even, treason

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